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(ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.)

# Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24, 1884.

The opening of the New Orleans Exposition was made uniquely dramatic. Two ceremonial services were held—one in the Gulf City, and the other at Washington. The machinery was connected by magnetic wires with the President's mansion at the capital. The officers at New Orleans signified their readiness to President Arthur and his invited guests, who stood in one of the parlors of the White House at Washington, by a speech telegraphically reported. The President sent an appropriate response, by lighting, along the connecting wires, then touched a button in the room, and all the machinery in the great fair buildings in New Orleans began to buzz and thunder. There could be no more significant emblem of the scientific progress of the last years of the nineteenth century.

The great memorial Conference at Baltimore was something more than a success. It is difficult, at once, to estimate all its benefits. Some great and gracious, and almost unexpected, results may yet follow. It brought together a remarkable body of men, and they were fused into fraternal union by a powerful spiritual atmosphere. The good temper of the occasion was scarcely ruffled. The few ill-considered remarks fell without producing a sensation upon the body. The Conference kept at a revival heat from the beginning. Men who had been in controversy with each other, without a personal knowledge of the opposing antagonists, came into the most friendly relations and formed lasting friendships. Able and very valuable additions have been made to our denominational literature. The history of the Church in all its departments has been set forth before our people as never before. Our modes have been carefully reviewed and endorsed afresh after thoughtful study. The magnitude of the work before us, and the providential means placed in our hands for its accomplishment, have been illuminated by men of rare genius and power. There could hardly have been a better keynote for the coming century struck than has been given in this remarkable gathering. The devotional exercises have been especially devout and impressive. The hymns were usually well filled at the opening services, and the intermediate singing between the essays was very effective and affecting. God's blessing was evidently upon the assembly; and only good, and that in an abundant measure, must be the outcome.

## THE CENTENNIAL CONFERENCE.

## FOURTH DAY.

Saturday morning, Lieut. Gov. G. D. Shands, of Mississippi, presided, and the opening devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Dr. D. H. Eia. The Governor filled his office very gracefully and vigorously.

As the interim devoted to business was unoccupied, the discussion of the session yesterday afternoon was renewed. Dr. Bayless emphasized Dr. Vincent's essay, but was reluctant to have any intimation go out that this convention hesitated on the question of revivals, or in any wise depreciated their character or value. He trusted that one great result of this Conference would be a universal revival throughout the Methodist connection.

Rev. Mr. Eaton feared we were depending too much upon evangelists, and not availing ourselves, as we should, of the regular and established means. Our revival work is left too much in the hands of these men, and our own ministers and members are not utilized as they should be.

Dr. Lemmon, of Nebraska, urged that the children should not only be gathered into Sunday-schools, but that their radical conversion should be earnestly sought. We cannot too early, or too earnestly, insist upon this among our children. The Doctor did not believe in artificially got-up revivals. He pictured very graphically some of these superficial religious movements. Our success in getting the church at work will determine the purity and power of the revival; when a true revival occurs, the class-meeting will come to be better appreciated.

Dr. Tanner said: Of one million of colored Methodists, over nine hundred

thousand have been brought in by revivals, pure and simple. The mission of our church is to the poor, and the old-time revival is specially adapted to meet the spiritual condition and circumstances of this class.

Dr. Marshall, of Mississippi, thought the modern Sabbath-school was a great remove from the original idea. The true idea of the Sunday-school was the embodying of the simple nurture of the pious fireside. He objected to the semi-literary and secular character of these modern institutions.

Rev. D. P. Rankin urged the bringing of the children more emphatically under the direct influence of the ministry and the church.

Rev. J. S. J. McConnell came to the rescue of the modern Sunday-school. He affirmed that the large proportion of the increase of our membership and ministry comes from the Sunday-school. He believed we have made a wonderful advance in this department. He hoped the old modes would never return. If pastors, teachers and officers are true, our literature will be made to conduce to the glory of God and the religious education of our children.

Dr. Wheeler, late of the *Pittsburgh Advocate*, came to the front to appeal for the conversion of the rich. We are advertising the country that we are giving up, so far as our religious efforts are concerned, the evangelization of the rich. The poor is not our only field of labor. No class needs the Gospel more than the rich of to-day. There should be no class work in our endeavors for the world's redemption. That church is doomed that does not seek the salvation of every class of men. Dr. Wheeler questioned the doctrine that had been urged in reference to the moral condition of young children. He did not accept it. It is not Methodist. He believed they were redeemed; that they were not sinners in the proper interpretation of the word, and may be trained up in Christ as disciples from the beginning.

The first paper of the morning was read by Rev. Dr. Jno. A. Williams, of Canada. His subject was, "The Rise and Progress of Methodism in Canada." Dr. Williams gave a full and very interesting sketch of the history of the earliest Methodist labors in Canada, the formation of the different bodies of the same denomination, the progress of the work, the dual happy union on the first of June last of the different Methodist families, and the character of its present organization and discipline. The church numbers now over 169,000 members. The Doctor gave ample statistics showing the encouraging growth in every department of the church. The paper will be a useful and valuable addition to the Centennial volume.

The second paper of the morning was read by Rev. Chas. J. Little, professor of metaphysics in Dickinson College. His topic was, "Methodist Pioneers and their Work." He read finely, with a clear, searching voice, one of the most compact and vigorous essays to which we have listened. The forerunners of Methodism had little intimation of the results of their early labors; their inspiration came not from the future, but from the hour in which they lived and from on high. With a striking grouping of historical, political and material incidents, the Professor pictured the conditions and personnel attending the formation of the first churches in New York and Maryland and the adjoining States. His portraits of the early laborers, lay and ministerial, were wonderfully graphic and life-like. The paper was magnificent. No report could do it justice. We shall publish it in our columns. It was followed, almost every sentence, by a ringing applause of amens and hallelujahs, with hand-clapping and shouts. His time expired before his manuscript was finished. The whole house seemed to shout in unison, "Go on!" At the close, Bishop Walden said, "A Methodist spell is on us. After the announcements, I move that the session be closed," and the motion readily prevailed.

Saturday afternoon, Gov. Pattison, of Pennsylvania, presided, and the devotions were conducted by Rev. Frederick Merrick. The essay was read by Bishop S. T. Jones, D. D., of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. His subject was, "Is Methodism Losing its Power Among the Masses?" The Bishop illustrated with good success the peculiar adaptation of the polity, discipline, modes and hymns of the church to arrest the attention, secure the salvation, and hold the affections of the various classes of people, especially of the humble.

He was followed by G. C. Rankin, who affirmed that Methodism was not confined to one set of forms or instrumentalities, but readily adapted herself to all the changing phases of society, while her vital Scriptural doctrines remain unchanged.

Rev. John H. Holiday, of Zion Church, made a warm exhortation. He was engaged in carrying the Gospel to the illiterate portion of the community. He found Methodism adapted to this work. He earnestly desired the union of the churches. They had left the old church when it was too warm for them, but now they wanted to come back.

Rev. Mr. Derrick (colored), of New York, thought religion was progressive, and that there was no danger of a backward movement. He gave a sweeping view of the advances of Christianity throughout the world, and the adaptation of Methodism to meet the spiritual wants of men, showing great readiness of address and much native eloquence.

Dr. Kynett thought the question of the adaptation of our church to meet the wants of the masses of our cities one of great moment. He earnestly desired that the profoundest thought of the Conference should be given to this question.

Dr. Buckley said the root ideas are, the masses, power, the way to hold them. The masses in early days were not what they are now, but they are gathered into cities and of foreign extraction. Our churches were formerly humble and free. We cannot collect the masses into our elegant edifices. The

character of the preaching has necessarily changed. The preaching of to-day will not reach the masses. He believed the old modes would produce much the same effect. If we have the right pastor, we shall have the class-meeting restored; and if we have this, we shall have the testimony and the personal activity which will send our members out to bring in the masses.

Dr. Wheeler enjoyed, but did not believe the doctrine of, his predecessor in speaking. The fault was not chiefly in the churches. The poor are welcome to them. The trouble lies elsewhere. Every class of industrial people in our community are rapidly forming exclusive circles, and fencing themselves off from Christian influences. How shall these bars be broken down? This is the great question, he thought, of the hour.

Rev. Mr. Hill, of Ohio, related his experience as a camp-meeting convert, and his tuition in the class-meeting. To this he attributed his happy religious life. He believed the preservation of the class-meeting the secret of the prosperity of the church. He feared the development of a religious aristocracy among us. We may build fine churches, but we must preserve warm social relations with the poor. We have more to fear, he thought, from liquor-selling on the part of the poor than from any other cause.

Rev. Mr. Riviera, missionary in Mexico, of the Church South, spoke through Dr. Sutherland as an interpreter. He felt himself highly honored to speak of Mexico and the work done there by the Methodist Church. He would try to represent the religious condition of Mexico. She had suffered through three long centuries of Spanish oppression. No one could discern, a few years since, the coming star of the religion of Jesus Christ. Thanks to God at length for our civil independence, but still greater thanks for the introduction of a Protestant Gospel into our native country! The Gospel came to give Mexico new life. God in His great goodness has given us political and religious liberty. They had great opposition from the clergy, permitted by the ignorance of the people; but to-day there is a great change among the converted Mexicans—a change from the darkness of night to the light of day! To-day the Mexican lifts his face to heaven and thanks God for the gift of the Gospel. The position of the Methodist Church is a very honorable one. They have now among them public and private meetings; their class-meetings are well attended (which called out loud applause); they feel a great reviving and awakening when they relate their experiences. I ought to mention, he said, the first missionary convert on the Mexican frontier. He found a book on the errors of Romanism. He did not believe it; but on comparing the book with the Bible, he found the book was true. He was converted, and became a pure champion of the Cross. In the two Methodist churches there are more than one hundred preachers and four thousand members. They accept the doctrine of sanctification. And here he lifted up his hands and shouted, the Conference joining with him. He pronounced his sonorous Spanish with great animation and emotion.

Dr. Sutherland, of the Mexican Mission, Church South, spoke of the good success of both branches of the Methodist churches in Mexico. He believed the work genuine and hopeful. They accept heartily Methodist discipline, doctrines and modes.

Dr. Tanner begged the privilege of adding to the list of the glorious Methodist heroes mentioned in his magnificent address by the essayist of the morning. He had left out one strong arm of the church, giving in the list only the white preachers. He read over the names of a half dozen colored men well worthy of a place in the noble catalogue. But the essayist had drawn a chronological line, and these were not included within it.

In the evening there were two great temperance meetings.

Rev. Mr. Goucher—whose name is so well-known in our missionary and educational work for his noble gifts—with his excellent lady, gave a delightful reception in the evening at his home to a large company of happy guests. There was neither north nor south, east nor west, although all points of the compass were represented; but all were in Christ Jesus and in hearty interchange of fraternal courtesies. It was an evening long to be remembered, sanctified as it was by a blessed prayer from Dr. McFerrin.

## FIFTH DAY.

Baltimore was flooded with Methodist preaching on the Sabbath. The different families of Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Reformed Episcopalians, and some of the Baptists, opened their pulpits to delegates.

In the afternoon the 25,000 Methodist Sunday-school children of Baltimore met in a score of the churches. As nearly as possible at the same moment, all the audiences arose in their several gathering places and sang the doxology—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The occasion was one of great interest.

## SIXTH DAY.

On Monday morning Bishop Hood, of the African M. E. Church, presided, and Rev. T. N. Boyle, of Pittsburgh Conference, led the devotional exercises.

The first paper was by Bishop L. H. Holsey, of the colored M. E. Church. On account of sickness, his paper was read by Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of Washington. His subject was, "Methodist Means of Grace." The paper was eminently practical and sensible. He earnestly urged the efficiency of extemporaneous preaching, and the importance of its retention by the church. The class-meeting, the love-feast, the prayer-meeting, the camp-meeting, the union of churches, fasting, and all the usual services of the denomination were simply set forth, and their usefulness

urged; emphasizing especially the class-meeting.

The second paper of the morning was read by Rev. Dr. A. S. Hunt, secretary of the American Bible Society, on "The Aim and Character of Methodist Preaching." This was an eminently able and suggestive paper. The elements of Methodist successful preaching were, the unquestioned call of God, which they experienced, for their work; their unqualified acceptance of, and the constant devotional study of, the Bible; and their rich personal religious experience.

The speaker then ably illustrated the relation of these elementary truths to the peculiar characteristics of Methodist preaching, addressing the intellect, the conscience, the heart. As all success depends upon the presence and efficacious offices of the Spirit, Methodist preachers have been eminently prayerful men. Their purity and godly character were happily illustrated. These characteristics do not belong to all Methodist ministers, and are certainly not confined to them. He called attention to the effect of the multiplied duties of the ministry of to-day upon their pulpits efforts, and the relation of our educational institutions to the simplicity, spiritual and unctious of the pulpit. He treated with much practical wisdom the relation of the pulpit to modern science and doubt, and to the creed and doctrinal system of the church. This essay was one of remarkable clearness, force, and intellectual and spiritual power.

The next exercise was an address by Dr. J. H. Vincent, upon the "Object of the Oxford League." "The children of to-day are to save the world of tomorrow," was the first utterance of the speaker. He then clearly and ably pointed out the relation of childhood to the redemption of Christ. The instruments for applying the offices of the Gospel to the child are the home, the church, the primary Sunday-school and the positive pastoral instruction. The Doctor discussed fully and ably the best measures for drawing out the affections and loyal services of our young people in behalf of our church. He proposed, as he closed, a simple organization called the Oxford League, to be formed at the present Conference, to be introduced into all our churches. It bears the name of the original Methodist club, and embodies, in a measure, the early discipline of that remarkable circle of students, and proposes to inaugurate a systematic study of the history and work of the denomination and of the general church, and to arrange for a broad service of Christian charity and Christian work, as well as to develop the intellectual life of our young people. Its plan and by-laws, with its range of objects, will be fully set forth hereafter.

Monday afternoon Bishop Ninde presided, and the devotions were led by President W. H. H. Adams, of Bloomington, Ill.

The first essayist was Rev. Anson West, D. D., of the Church South, and his topic was, "The Doctrinal Unity of Methodism." The writer clearly illustrated the familiar and universally admitted truth embodied in his theme.

The second paper was upon the "Guards of the Purity of our Doctrinal Teaching," and was read by Rev. R. N. Davis, D. D., of the M. E. Church. These guards commence with the preliminary examinations for the ministry, and cannot be too carefully recognized. Another equally guard is the calling and qualifying of the ministry by God himself, which, as a denomination, we hold to be vital. The requisition that the Bible should be the final arbiter as to doctrine and practice, and the subject of constant and ardent study, is another important guard. Antecedent to all this is the careful catechetical instruction of childhood. Our hymns, also, are special guards of doctrinal purity.

At the close of the afternoon exercises for two hours a beautiful and beautiful reception was given to the Conference, in the Academy of Music, where the General Conference was held eight years ago. The platform of the hall was adorned with flowers, behind which a fine band played during the reunion. Tables, with a rich lunch, lined the sides of the hall. The mayor of the city, Hon. Mr. Latrobe, presided, and made a capital speech, full of catholic sentiments and hearty good-will, wishing many hits. Dr. McFerrin surpassed himself in a short, humorous, singularly appropriate and admirable short speech, full of taking points, calling out the heartiest applause. He paid a fine compliment to the Baltimore ladies. He had often heard, he said, of their remarkable beauty. Years ago, to decide for himself the truth of the question, on a visit to the city, he had planted himself on the corner of the street and watched them as they passed for a long time. When he moved away, he felt, like the Queen of Sheba when she came to Jerusalem and saw the grandeur of Solomon, that "the half had not been told." Gen. Fisk and Dr. Buckley were called in succession after the happy speech of the Doctor, and even these eminently successful platform orators found it difficult to keep up the enthusiasm which he had awakened. The reception was a fine affair.

## SEVENTH DAY.

Yesterday afternoon, the sun, which had been under a cloud for several days, broke forth and poured its cheering light upon the city and the Conference. The host of the editor and his fortunate companion, Rev. Dr. Hynes, of Cincinnati, Mr. W. H. Clark, who, with his estimable wife, has left no courtesy unoffered to make the visit of their guests memorable for its interest and the measureless kindness received, gave us a fine view of the city in a very delightful ride. We visited the chief sites of note—the old Lovely Lane, now a very busy business street, the site of the first church, in which Asbury was buried; the chief public buildings; the large and beautiful Druid Park, its groves now divested of their verdure, but amply showing the great beauty of

the place in the spring and summer. Near one of the entrances to the Park is the comfortable mansion and the grounds of the late Dr. Bond, once editor of the *Christian Advocate*, still in the hands of the family. The property has been greatly enhanced by its nearness to the splendid Park. The view from elevated points in the Park, and from Fell's Point overlooking the harbor, gave fine bird's-eye glimpses of the widely-extended city of Baltimore. The ride of the afternoon was one of great interest and pleasure.

In the evening of Monday a dozen public services of an attractive character in the interest of the Sabbath-school of the church were held and addressed each by two speakers.

The opening devotional exercises of Tuesday morning were led by Rev. T. B. Lemmon, missionary superintendent of our Nebraska work. The presiding officer of the session was Rev. Dr. R. McAnally, of the Church South, the veteran editor of the *St. Louis Advocate*.

The first essay read was by Rev. Dr. J. E. Evans. His subject was, "The Four Points of Methodism—Heart-Conversion, Assurance, Christian Experience, and Sanctification." Dr. Evans is a member of the Georgia Southern Conference. He is a man of fine ecclesiastical presence, tall, well-formed, with hair growing gray. He is a man of excellent mind, well-cultivated, and greatly respected in his own church. The Doctor very ably analyzed and set forth in a particularly clear manner these four fundamental doctrines forming the substantial basis of Methodist preaching. It will be a useful paper in the volume of proceedings which is to be published.

The second paper of the morning was read by Rev. Dr. J. M. King, of the New York Conference, not unknown to many of our readers. His topic was, "The Influence of Methodism on other Denominations." Dr. King gathered the opinions of leading religious writers of the day, which he grouped and presented in a very striking form. This paper is another of the exceedingly valuable and permanent contributions made to our religious literature by this memorable Conference.

Rev. Dr. Charles Taylor, of Rochester—one hundred years old to-day, the oldest Presbyterian minister in the country—sent, by telegraph, his hearty congratulations to the Conference. The Conference ordered its corresponding committee to return an appropriate response to the truly venerable clergyman.

At the close of the last paper read, a report was made by the committee, giving a formal organization to the Oxford League—a denominational association instituted for the Christian and intellectual and Methodist culture of our young people. After a very animated discussion, and a particularly eloquent and clear address by Dr. Vincent, it was adopted at a succeeding session, and will be presented to the church in tract form, and published in the volume of proceedings.

The unexpected death of Rev. Dr. Rice, senior superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada, was tenderly announced, and appropriate resolutions were prepared and unanimously passed.

Tuesday afternoon Bishop Walden was the presiding officer, and Rev. S. R. Cox was his chaplain of the hour.

The first paper of the session was, "The Value of the Press to Methodism," by Rev. B. St. John Fry, D. D. Doctor Fry is of moderate size, well-formed, active, with unblanching hair, a due writer and a pleasant-voiced speaker. He is the editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, published in St. Louis, and makes one of the best of our official papers, with strong and well-considered editorials, with well-selected matter for his family pages, and an able corps of correspondents. Dr. Fry gave an interesting account of the early and extensive use which Mr. Wesley made of the press, especially in the multiplication of cheap religious and scientific tracts and books. This was followed by a full sketch of the rise and progress of the Methodist Book Concern and its numerous publications in this country, with an interesting account of Mr. Dickens, the first book agent, and Rev. Mr. Cooper, his equally able successor. Dr. Fry spoke with great force upon the marked religious and impressive character of the literature of the church, and the positive influence, as an evangelical force, which it had among us. The essayist set forth at length the character of the literature demanded for the hour, the vital importance of it in view of the perilous volumes in circulation, and closed with an impressive exhibition of the possibilities before the church in this department.

The second paper was read by Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald, D. D., upon "The Value of the Periodical Press to Methodism." We have already said warm and well-deserved words in reference to this thoroughly delightful and excellent editor. He paid a very handsome compliment to his editorial brethren sitting near him, not forgetting to say remarkably kind words of *Zion's Herald* and its editor, as he opened his peculiarly interesting and instructive essay. The Doctor showed that the original *Wesleyan Magazine* was purely religious, and he insisted, with great earnestness, upon the preservation of this positive religious character in the regular periodical Methodist press. With very happy and striking illustrations he showed the powerful possibilities of these sheets circulating everywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This essay was full of rich incidental thoughts connected with almost every phase of church doctrine and discipline, and was pervaded with the sweetest and devoted spirit of piety and fraternity. His happy points were continually responded to by his audience, and what could really have been a very dry essay, was made to be full of life and suggestion by the able and facile writer. He thought it hard to make a

Methodist recognize any line that

will limit his operations anywhere between the North and the South Poles. The surest way, he thought, to find the North Pole would be to include it in a Methodist circuit; the love of souls would carry a circuit-rider farther than the love of science would carry a speciated professor or a full-mouthed lieutenant of topographical engineers.

An excellent address on moral questions was read by Dr. Whedon, awakening, afterwards, unexpectedly, discussion at one point—its recognition of the importance of the Congressional bill proffering government aid for the removal of illiteracy in the States, some thought, might be considered meddling with politics. Both ministers and laymen divided on the question. Ringing speeches in favor of the motion were made by Lieut.-Gov. Shands, of Mississippi, and by Dr. Crooks, of Drew Seminary, and the session adjourned without reaching a vote.

In the evening, in a large number of the churches, public meetings were held, each addressed by two speakers, upon the "Mission of Methodism to the Extremes of Society." Singularly enough, two Boston Yankee preachers—the editor of *Zion's Herald* and the pastor of the People's Church—were sent to St. Paul's M. E. Church, South. Nothing could exceed the warmth and generosity of their reception by a good and very responsive audience. At the conclusion of the services, the fine choir of the church, accompanied by the organ, sang the famous old Methodist song, "The Old Ship of Zion," to the ancient tune in which for years it rolled its exultant measures through the open spaces of our humbler sanctuaries, and inspired the robust faith of those saints of a former day.

## THURSDAY.

Rev. E. R. Hendrix, of Missouri, of the M. E. Church, South, presided at the morning session on Wednesday. Rev. W. P. Sowe, D. D., of the Western Book Concern, conducted the devotional exercises.

Rev. Horace Rood, president to the Conference that the oldest Methodist preacher in the country is Rev. Peter Akers, of Jacksonville, Ill. He was born in 1790, and entered the ministry in 1820. Mr. Rood moved that a committee of two be appointed to communicate the congratulations of the Conference to Rev. Peter Akers. Rev. Dr. J. B. McFerrin and Rev. Dr. J. M. Trimble were appointed to do so.

Rev. J. B. McFerrin, D. D., offered a series of resolutions thanking God for the success of the Conference and the prosperity of the church during the past one hundred years, and expressing it as the feeling of the body that any occasion that may bring the churches together should always be hailed with pleasure. Rev. Dr. Tanner (colored) said that he only wished a name from his side of the house had been attached to the resolutions. Bishop Foster approved of Dr. Tanner's suggestion, and advised placing at the end of the resolutions a name from each branch of the church, which was assented to. Rev. Dr. Edwards, of Virginia, said that the resolutions were a great pleasure, with a great deal of balm of Gilead in it. "I hope," he added, "that no one will attempt to pull it off until the last rose is hoisted."

On motion of Bishop Wayman, of the A. M. E. Church, the resolutions were adopted by a rising vote, the Conference singing, "Together let us sweetly live."

The first paper on the programme for the morning session was by Rev. H. P. Walker, D. D., on "The Place and Power of the Lay Element in Methodism." Dr. Walker was absent, and the paper was omitted.

"What Meth dim owes to Women," was the subject of a paper by Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*. He said: "Women have been the supporters of religion in every land, whether true or false. Their emotions are more easily stirred than men. When they believe a thing, they want those whom they love to believe also. They are the principal reliance of Romanism. They are active proselytes. Their influence in Protestantism is also great, but not so powerful as in Romanism. In asking what Methodism owes to women, we are not asking any new question in spiritual history. First comes Susannah Wesley, the mother of John and Charles. If Samuel Wesley had married any other woman, John Wesley could not have been. Indeed, she was the real founder of Methodism. Next in importance was Sarah Crosby, who was born in 1757, and whose husband died when she was twenty. She was exhorter. Wesley told her never to speak in public longer than four minutes, and to keep as far from preaching as possible. Elizabeth Wallbridge, the 'dairymaid's daughter,' was another. Hannah Ball should not be forgotten. She was one of Wesley's favorite correspondents. She established a Sunday-school fourteen years before Robert Bakke. Alice Cross was an early Methodist worker. Elizabeth Chulough, Miss Johnson, Miss Owen, Miss Lewin, who presented Mr. Wesley a chaise and horse, were also early supporters of Methodism. Elizabeth Ritchie was another favorite of John Wesley. She was one of those who prayed with him at his death bed. He left her his gold seal. Miss Sarah Wesley, Charles Wesley's daughter, was with John Wesley much. She was greatly indebted to John Wesley's alms with—but indirectly, if Mrs. Wesley had been a better wife, he might have sought to please her more than serve his Master. Lady Max, well, Lady Huntington, one of the most remarkable women of the past century, Mary Fletcher, who was put out of her father's house because she married Fletcher, were also among the women who helped to found Methodism. Then there were Ann Rogers and Mrs. Jennie Meek. Barbara Heck is the first woman in the history of American Methodism. The name of Philip Asbury might never have been heard of had it not been for her influence. Bishop Asbury's mother deserves a place beside Susannah Wesley. Mary Wimer was the second female class-leader in Philadelphia. Mrs. Joseph Baker became a Methodist when nineteen. Mrs. Judge Palmer is another woman of marked influence in Methodism in this century. Mrs. Mary D. James was a friend of Mrs. Pa'mar, and the ideal of the elect lady. All branches of Methodism have had their Marys and Marthas and Tabithas. Mrs. Cross, of Kentucky, rendered valuable services with her pen. Mrs. Lucinda Kelly was abundant in good works. Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Julia Hayes have been useful in missionary work. Mrs. Taylor, of Toronto, was well known in her day to have been specially successful as a class-leader."

The Doctor is one of the most animated of

speakers, full of point and power. He saw two perils before Methodist women of to-day—one to overlook their rich opportunities, the other to transcend their womanly limitations. The Doctor's views on this latter point are well known.

The church was crowded to its full capacity at the afternoon and closing sessions of the Conference. Rev. J. M. Trimble, D. D., of Columbus, O., the senior member of the delegation from the Methodist Episcopal churches, presided. The devotional exercises were led by Rev. H. S. Thrall, of San Antonio, Tex., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The report on moral questions—the national appropriation to public schools—was excepted—was adopted almost unanimously. Rev. Dr. Tanner alone voting against it. Lieut.-Gov. G. D. Shands, of Mississippi, offered the following resolution upon education, which was adopted with enthusiastic applause:

"Resolved, That as representatives of a church which has ever been the friend and patron of education, as of every philanthropic and beneficial agency for the intellectual and moral elevation and culture of the people, we take pleasure in sustaining the increased zeal and liberality of our churches and our enlightened statehood of our country, looking to the universal and thorough education of advancing a free public education among all classes, as well as to the higher education of our denominated interests."

A despatch was read from the South Carolina Conference, now in its 99th session, tending greetings. Bishop Foster moved to reply: "Godspeed to the South Carolina Conference."

Resolutions were then offered tendering thanks to the citizens of Baltimore for their hospitality; to the Methodist ladies for their elegant reception on Saturday evening; to the pastors and trustees of the churches for the use of their houses of worship; and especially to the pastor and trustees of Mt. Vernon; to the several committees of the Conference; to the railroads who have furnished reduced rates; to the press of the city and the telegraph lines.

A resolution by Rev. Dr. G. W. Gray, of Illinois, to set apart the week after Thanksgiving in each year to prayer, was adopted. Bishop Stephen M. Merrill, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, then read the pastoral address, which will be given hereafter.

The centennial love-feast and experience meeting, which had chiefly attracted the immense audience, was the next service. This part of the exercises was opened by singing the familiar hymn, which was instantly taken up by over two thousand voices: "There is a fountain filled with blood." There was no distribution of bread and water, owing to the size of the audience. Rev. Willis Folsom, a member of the Choctaw tribe of Indians, and also a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the first of three selected to open the experience meeting, said that religion makes even a Choctaw happy. He knew personally that God had converted his soul. Thirty years he had been preaching the Gospel to his own people. "We shall meet beyond the river" was sung next, after which Bishop A. W. Wayman, of the A. M. E. Church, made a short address of farewell, and then the congregation sang, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

Rev. Dr. J. B. McFerrin, of the M. E. Church, South, was then called on. He said that he was very unworthy, but, blessed be God! he had an Advocate with the Father and a place in the love of his brethren. He was converted when a boy in a log cabin in the West. Two weeks later he joined the Methodist Church, and ever since that time he has been preaching the Gospel to his own people. "We shall meet beyond the river" was sung next, after which Bishop A. W. Wayman, of the A. M. E. Church, made a short address of farewell, and then the congregation sang, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

Rev. Dr. Trimble said that he was converted in 1827. He joined the Ohio Conference in 1828. He was a young man, and he was grateful for God's allowing him to be the means of his father's conversion. Rev. Dr. Frederick Merrick, of Ohio, followed. Then Rev. James H. Brown, the oldest minister in the Baltimore Conference, said that all the members of the Baltimore Conference of 1829 had gone except himself. He also testified to his conversion, after which an exhortation was made. "We are traveling home to God." Others followed rapidly. Bishop Foster said that he was converted when twelve years old in 1832, was licensed as an exhorter when thirteen years old, and admitted into the Ohio Conference in 1837, when seventeen years of age. He had tried since then to do all in his power to preach the Gospel. How, he said, every member of the Conference should be a consistent class-leader in the Methodist Church than governor of any State, or President of the United States! Testimonies followed from General Clinton B. Fisk, of Savannah, N. J., Rev. Mr. Nutter (colored), of Delaware, and others.

Bishop Andrews then announced the hymn, "Blessed be the tie that binds," after which the closing address was made by Rev. Frederick Merrick. "Who of us has not felt, like the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration," he said, "that it was good for us to be here? We came from the North, the South, the East, the West, yet we have blended together like kindred drops of water. We have hastened to cry to the world: 'Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world!' Let not other denominations think that we are narrow-minded sectarians. We have the broadest catholicity. But we are human. Let us beware lest our prosperity as a church engender pride. Do not fly on numbers, wealth or social position in doing our work. These have been no lightening days. They will long linger in our memory. What Methodism needs for the coming century is a still richer baptism of the Holy Spirit. The hour of perishing has come. For each I voice a food farewell."

Rev. Dr. J. M. Trimble, the presiding officer, then offered prayer, thanking God for His presence; imploring the Divine blessing upon every member of the Conference; asking for a continuance through the coming century of the divine favors bestowed upon the past; commending each to the care of Providence, and entering the final bringing of all to glory.

Upon the conclusion of the prayer, Dr. Trimble declared the Centennial Conference of American Methodism adjourned sine die.

Couples, Upham & Co., Boston, have for sale a charming little illuminated book, with gold covers, entitled, "The Infancy of our Lord." It is from the press of the Lowell Society for Promoting Christian Education, and is a beautiful, inexpensive Christmas gift for the little people.

We wish to joyfully Christianize our friends. Millions of the

The Masses Boston bright, neat trial skill.







## The Family.

"ON EARTH—PEACE."

BY KATHARINE LENT EVENSON.

Softly, sweetly, through the silence,  
O'er Judah's moonlit plain,  
To the shepherds, at the midnight,  
Came the angel's wondrous strain.  
"Fear not," he cried; "I bring thee  
Things good, with gladness filled."  
"Glory!" sang the host encircling,  
"On earth, peace, to men good-willed."

Then the shepherds, hushed and awestruck,  
Said, "Let us to Bethlehem go!  
Let us see this thing so wondrous,  
Which the Lord to do hath shown!"  
So they came, in holy wonder,  
Came, and found from doct's release;  
For they knelt before the manger,  
Kneeling, hailed the "Prince of Peace."

Softly, sweetly, through the ages,  
Come, to-day, the angel's song;  
Down it floats into life's history,  
Sounds earth's busy haunts among.  
And hearts saddened, pause to listen,  
Sigh ere yet the glad strains cease,  
For, of all sweet gifts of heaven,  
What men long for most is—peace.

Still the shepherds' wisdom teach us;  
We, too, must to Bethlehem go;  
Find there, at that manger lowly,  
Balm to heal life's sorest woe.  
Find, from grief, a strong, sure refuge;  
Hear life's eager questionings cease;  
Know the love that "passeth knowledge,"  
Folded in that love, find—peace.

Soon the glad, glad Christmas morn  
Shall sound forth from shore to shore,  
As man joins the angel's chorus,  
And our earth knows sin no more.  
Then again He'll come in glory,  
Come as King, He who was slain;  
And His peace shall fill the sons  
Of His glad, triumphant reign.

## HER CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

Julie Wrayburn, plump and lively,  
Was spending the August vacation at  
Saratoga. Not at one of the fashionable  
hotels, no indeed! In fact, Julie would  
not have been in Saratoga at all had it  
not been she was visiting an aunt who  
lived there.

But she was "having just a splendid  
time," as she wrote home, for Susie  
Ball was staying at the "United States,"  
and Susie was her most intimate friend;  
and so, when the sweet summer even-  
ings came, it was delightful to go over  
to the hotel, listen to the band, and see  
the wealth and fashion displayed on  
plaza and in the halls of the great  
dazzling mansion.

Julie was a school-teacher when at  
home in the city, but her parents were  
refined, educated people, who had never  
become wealthy, yet always occupied  
their proper place in the best of society.  
The Balls were very wealthy, but the  
strong friendship existing between the  
two girls had been formed at the excel-  
lent school where each had spent two  
years; the one, the better to prepare  
for teaching others; the other, the more  
acceptably to adorn the fashionable circle  
in which she expected to move, once  
her school days were ended.

Three years had rolled by since Julie  
and Susie had graduated at the age of  
eighteen, but they had only served to  
cement the strong love and liking each  
entertained for the other. Unlike most  
intimate friends, they possessed many  
characteristics in common. Each young  
lady was affectionate, lively, and pos-  
sessed of a firm will; but while Susie  
mingled constantly in the gayest society  
and was a frequenter of theatres, operas  
and balls, Julie was a strong adherent  
of the church service and evening  
prayer-meeting, and Susie would often  
accompany her to church or vestry for  
very fondness of her company, when  
nothing more tempting called her in an-  
other direction. Nor was Julie in the  
least averse to enjoying anything in the  
way of pleasure consistent with a reli-  
gious life, but she never liked to neglect  
her evening meetings, and on more than  
one occasion had well-nigh offended her  
dear Susie by opposing her strong will  
to Susie's equally vigorous one, in re-  
sisting some tempting invitation on  
"meeting night."

For Julie was a true Christian, with  
love for the Lord bred in the bone, her  
parents and their parents before them  
back through the third and fourth gen-  
eration having possessed and transmit-  
ted to their children the blessings prom-  
ised to those who love God and keep  
His commandments.

And now, although Julie was a teacher  
in the Sunday-school, and had for sev-  
eral years been prompt and faithful in  
her duties as such, it troubled her that  
she could not point to any one as yet  
whom she knew had been brought to  
the Saviour through her direct influ-  
ence.

She once listened to a powerful ser-  
mon, in which the preacher argued that  
every true disciple of our Lord ought to  
see to it that at least one star in their  
crowns of rejoicing at last, should be  
that of a soul brought to Christ through  
direct personal effort.

True, Julie was but twenty-one; there  
might be sufficient time yet to effect her  
desire; but there was actually no time,  
she would wisely say to herself, of which  
she was sure; but she had so far either  
failed to see the long-for opportunity,  
or else had not improved it aright,  
to lead some soul as her glad, willing  
offering to the Saviour's feet.

She often thought of Susie's beautiful  
face and breezy ways, and wished she  
could make an outspoken appeal, beg-  
ging her to think more of serious  
things, and more than once she had  
broached the subject. But the gay  
girl, with no example of living piety in  
her home, surrounded with thoughtless  
companions and engrossed with the  
pleasures of the world, would make  
some trifling or bantering reply, pro-  
voking a smile or starting a tear in Ju-  
lie's bright eye.

But despite the different life they  
lived in some respects, the two girls re-  
mained the fastest of friends, and it  
was a cause of mutual satisfaction when

it was arranged that they were to spend  
a month of the summer vacation in the  
same place.

A warm, hazy August day was deep-  
ening into the hurrying twilight, and  
Susie Ball was already beginning prepa-  
rations for a large party to be given  
that evening at the house of an ac-  
quaintance. Julie Wrayburn, aware of  
the engagement, knew Susie would not  
expect to see her that night, and so  
with book in hand was sitting on a large  
rock in a deep grove a short distance  
from her aunt's house. She was read-  
ing the story of the Prodigal Son, not  
from the Scriptures, but the parable  
had been written and simplified some-  
what for the benefit of youthful read-  
ers, and was daintily bound in purple  
and gold by itself. The book belonged to  
her aunt, but Julie had taken it out to  
read and examine with the half-con-  
scious wish that she could afford to pre-  
sent one to each of her Sunday-school  
scholars at Christmas time.

But on examining the little volume,  
she dismissed the half formed wish,  
knowing the number of copies she would  
need would prove too expensive for her  
limited means.

For a while Julie perused the plain-  
tive story, but as her eyes strayed  
through the bit of woods and out towards  
the road just beyond, she saw some deli-  
cate little flowers, white and bell  
shaped, growing along the edge of a  
path not far from where she sat. Lay-  
ing the book rather thoughtlessly down  
on the clean smooth rock, she went  
towards the blossoms and gathered a  
few; then still farther on was a thicker  
clump of the pale, sweet beauties. She  
strode on, plucked a handful of the  
flowers, then turned to retrace her  
steps. When she reached the rock the  
little book was gone.

Had it been her own, the loss would  
have proved disturbing, but to be obliged  
to confess her carelessness to her aunt  
was doubly trying.

But the tranquil beauty of the glow-  
ing August evening was so lulling in  
its dreamy stillness and repose, that  
Julie lingered, loth to leave the quiet  
spot. She felt no nervousness concern-  
ing the disappearance of the little book,  
for the rock on which she sat was but a  
few paces from the road, with frequent  
passers-by, and she concluded some  
mischievous person had darted silently  
in and stolen it; while her back was  
turned.

It was fully an hour after regaining  
her seat that the fading gloaming re-  
minded Julie she should return to her  
aunt's, and she was about leaving her  
rocky seat when she was arrested by  
the sudden presence at her side of a  
person of so unusual an appearance,  
that she could only regard her in silent  
curiosity and admiration.

A young woman of about her own  
age, possibly a year or two older, in a  
flimsy, showy dress of some light ma-  
terial, was standing coolly by the little  
book of purple and gold held in her  
supple fingers.

"Here's your book," she said care-  
lessly. "I didn't intend to keep it only  
a little while. I was going to give it  
back whenever you started to go, but I  
thought perhaps 'twas some nice excit-  
ing story, and I'd borrow it without  
leave."

"It's pretty enough," she said, still  
fingering the delicate leaves, "but you  
don't imagine there is in any truth in it,  
do you?"  
She raised superb but languid eyes to  
Julie's face as she spoke, and despite  
her indifferent manner, Julie thought  
that in the depths of the dreamy eyes  
there was a look hungry and wistful, as  
if she longed to hear her say the story  
was the very truth. She hastened to  
reply:—

"Why, certainly it is true; that comes  
from the Bible, as perhaps you know."

"Yes; but do you think everything  
the Bible says is true?"

"Indeed I do," said Julie earnestly.  
"Why, I shouldn't know how to live  
without religion and the Bible."

"Might try the world."

"It would never satisfy me."

"Ever tried it? Lots of people care  
for nothing else, and seem to have pre-  
tremely comfortable times."

"I know something of its attrac-  
tions," said Julie gently, "but they fade  
away without leaving much satisfac-  
tion behind them so far as I can see;  
but those of religion are solid and abid-  
ing."

"Well, I'm glad you think so, but  
say"—and the great brown eyes grew  
less indifferent in their slumberous gaze  
—"supposing that poor fellow in this  
story hadn't had any father to arise and  
go to, what then?"

"Well, that means," explained Julie,  
"that God is our Father, and there is  
no such thing as appealing to Him in  
vain, if we go humbly, in the right  
spirit."

"No matter how far off we've been?"  
"No; no matter how far off we've  
been. The Saviour died, that whoever  
believe in Him should not perish, but  
have everlasting life."

"You believe that?"

"Certainly."

"Then why doesn't He save us any-  
way, when we begin to go wrong,  
why doesn't He prevent it?"

"Ah, He doesn't promise to do that;  
we must ask His help, and resist evil. I  
hope you love Jesus," Julie added kind-  
ly with a smile.

"Oh, I don't know anything about  
Him—but here's your book. I suppose  
I needn't thank you for lending what  
you wasn't asked for, still I do thank  
you all the same. I do so love to read.  
I'd do things to get hold of books I  
wouldn't do for any other reason, but  
most of the peacocks who come here  
summers wouldn't so much as look at  
me, much less lend me a book. Perhaps  
you've got something else I might read.  
I'll take awful good care of it if you  
have."

"I've a copy of 'A Pastor's Sketch-  
es,' you may take if you'd like it. Do  
you live near here?"

"I stay at a little house quite a dis-  
tance off, and take in sewing; I'm quite  
a hand at sewing, though the doctor  
says it doesn't agree with me. I don't

live anywhere; I don't remember ever  
having a home worth the name, and I  
never lived a life worth the living either!  
Yes, thank you, I'd like that minister's  
sketches if you don't happen to have  
anything more exciting."

"I don't think exciting stories are  
good for young folks," said Julie with  
another smile; then she added softly:  
"I wish you'd read the Bible and try to  
love its teachings; they would make  
you happier, I know."

"No, they wouldn't," she said gloom-  
ily. "I know all about it. You see you  
don't know what hard lines means; feel-  
ing yourself as good as other folks, and  
yet most of those you meet gathering  
up their skirts at sight of you as though  
your very touch would poison them. Oh,  
I guess Nell Brent knows all about it!"

"So your name is Brent?" said Ju-  
lie. "Very well. Meet me at the same  
place, about an hour earlier than this to-  
morrow evening, and I'll bring the book."

As they parted, the hazel-eyed beauty  
clipped her delicate hands before her,  
and in her peculiarly indifferent, inde-  
pendent manner swept away in the gather-  
ing darkness.

Each young girl made an observation  
to herself concerning the other as they  
walked off in different directions.  
"Suppose she wouldn't agree to meet  
me in broad daylight for untold gold,"  
muttered Nell, "but I was too thankful  
for the prospect of something to read to  
say a word."

"What a beautiful creature!" solilo-  
quized Julie; "but I'm afraid she's a  
bit of the fair, frail ones we hear about,"  
then longingly: "I do wish I might  
lead her to Jesus. He's scored no one,  
however lowly. I could hardly seek the  
company of Nell Brent, but at least I  
won't repel her. I'll ask auntie if she  
knows anything about her."

And she did, but her aunt had never  
even heard the name.  
When Julie saw Susie the next day,  
the party and its delights absorbed all  
Susie's thoughts, so nothing was said  
of Julie's little experience of the pre-  
vious evening. But towards evening,  
as she was nearing the grove with the  
"Sketches" in her hand, she met Susie,  
attended by one of the gay cavaliers of  
the hotel.

They at once invited her to join them  
for a stroll, but she declined on the plea  
of a slight engagement she must not  
neglect. Susie looked a little curious,  
but was far too well-bred to ask any  
questions, and in a moment more Julie  
entered the retired grove and reached  
the rock to find herself entirely alone.  
In a moment, however, she saw Nell  
Brent cautiously approaching, having  
said it herself that Julie was alone.

"Why, you was as good as your  
word, wasn't you?" she said, a gleam  
of pleasure in her lustreous eyes.

"Certainly," replied Julie; "didn't  
you think I would be?"

"Well, I kinder did, and I kinder  
didn't," was the honest reply. "Now,  
how long may I have this?"

"I shall be here about a week longer,"  
said Julie. "And I wish you would  
please return it in four or five days."

Then she told Nell where her aunt  
lived, and asked if she would please  
bring the book to her after reading it.

The girl's eyes fell. "I shan't see  
you if you fix it that way," she said.  
"I ain't just the kind to call on the la-  
dies. I wish, miss, you'd please come  
here again."

"Indeed I will," said the kindly Ju-  
lie. "I'll be here if possible at about this  
time, four nights hence, and if it should  
rain, then the next pleasant evening;  
and, dear girl," she added softly, "do  
try and be a Christian, won't you? I've  
prayed you might!"

"Prayer for Nell Brent! Well, that  
does beat all!" chuckled the other.  
"I guess you hardly knew just who  
you were praying for that time. Oh,  
dear me!"

The last words came like a sob chok-  
ing up on a sensitive, if a sinful heart,  
and as they struck on Julie's ear with  
their piteous wail, poor Nell with hands  
crossed gracefully before her, again  
swept out of sight.

"Poor child!" murmured Julie. "I  
believe her soul is struggling up towards  
something better than she has ever  
known as yet. She would be no weak  
offering to bring to the cross of Jesus.  
Her face is faultless and her figure per-  
fect, and that reckless air is more than  
half assumed. She drops it unconsciously  
when her heart is stirred. I do hope  
those simple, touching stories will do  
her good."

[Concluded next week.]

## CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

The quiet day in winter clothes,  
And sunset clouds are tinged with crimson  
dye,  
As if the bushes of our faded roses  
Came back to tint this sombre Christmas  
sky.

A lonely crow floats o'er the island ranges,  
A robin carols from the chestnut tree;  
The voice, that chimes as no amid our changes,  
Sounds faintly from the melancholy sea.

We sit and watch the twilight darkness slowly  
Die; the last gleam up in the lone hillside;  
And in the twilight growl deep and holy,  
Our Christmas guests come in this even-  
ing.

They enter softly: some with baby faces,  
Whose sweet blue eyes have scarcely looked  
on life;  
We bid them welcome to their vacant places;  
They won the peace, and never knew the  
strife.

And some with steadfast glances meet us  
On life;  
Their hands part backward to the paths  
they trod;  
Dear ones, we know how long they struggled  
heavily.

And died upon the battle-field of God.  
And some are here whose pale faces were  
ruined  
By our hard words, and looks of cold dis-  
dain;  
Ah, loving hearts, to speak of wrong forgiven  
Ye come to visit our dark world again!

But one there is, more kind than any other,  
Whose presence fills the silent house with  
light;  
The Prince of Peace, our gracious Elder  
Brother,  
Comes to His birthday feast with us to-  
night.

Then who was born and cradled in a manger  
Has gladdened our poor earth with hope  
and rest;  
O best beloved, come not as a stranger.  
But, Lord, Lord, our friend and Christmas  
guest.

— Good Words.

## OLD FRIENDS AT CHRISTMAS.

We used to meet together  
In Christmases of old,  
And love was warm and friendship strong,  
And days were bright as gold;  
And cheerily our voices rang,  
And the laughter had no care  
To check its fan and joyance,  
As it filled the frosty air.

Oh, merry, merry Christmases  
Of the dear long ago!  
Oh, old, old friends, our eyes are wet  
Because we loved you so!  
We thank our God for all of good  
That he has sent us—day,  
But, ah! there are no days, no friends,  
Like those that did not stay!

The friends of those past Christmases,  
How scattered now they be!  
Some are away in foreign lands,  
And some are on the sea,  
And some are sick, and some are changed,  
And some are keeping Christmas  
In the Father's home above.

Yet when the chime bells ring out,  
And in the twilight's gloom,  
In some well-remembered room;  
For love and the light and memory,  
With our sistered joy,  
Can summon us from everywhere,  
Home for the Christmas day.

Can summon us! thought alone!  
And dreams are frail and fleet.  
And we must wait a little while  
Before we really meet.  
God safely keeps the far and near,  
The living and the dead,  
Till His happy gathering-place  
Our hearts are comforted.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, in *Christian World*.

## Our Girls.

### BESSIE'S MOTTO.

A Christmas Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE JUDON'S SONS."

III.

THE PACKAGE LABELED "GRAMMA."

Fully a month had passed. The cold  
was now intense, and the village nearly  
buried in snow. But there was a path  
to the school-house, and another to the  
missionary's door; for be sure that this  
servant of the Lord did not forget that  
the now-time, whether men call it sum-  
mer or winter, is always God's harvest  
season for souls.

Meanwhile, the stranger's life had  
been trembling close to the verge of the  
valley of shadow. Sometimes the mis-  
sionary had feared he would never rally.  
But a great longing for his guest's re-  
covery was upon his heart; and when  
most he feared, most clearly the promise  
of the Scripture repeated itself to  
his faith, "This sickness is not unto  
death."

Nor were the good missionary and  
his wife the only persons interested.  
Twice a week, Jim, the charcoal-burn-  
er, came to watch by the sick man's  
bedside, and there was scarcely a miner  
in the village who had not offered him-  
self for a similar service.

And still the days went on, and the  
fever burned, though with waning in-  
tensity, for there was little left in the  
wasted frame to feed upon. The poor  
sufferer had become too weak even to  
whisper the weird vagaries of his un-  
broken delirium. While his words had  
been audible, the missionary had in  
vain endeavored to gain some clue to  
his identity—some knowledge of his  
friends; and his slender efforts—a torn  
and blurred letter reeking with blas-  
phemy, and superscribed "W. Holmes,  
Slater's," and a soiled envelope contain-  
ing the photograph of a little girl, had  
been effaced, served only to deepen the  
mystery surrounding him.

At length there came a day of unusual  
debility. But the troubled, haunted  
look was gone from the man's eyes, and  
he lay as quietly at rest, realizing noth-  
ing but that he was entangled in the  
meshes of some happy dream, from  
which he desired never again to awaken.

From that time he gained. Slowly at  
first—so slowly that the change was  
scarcely perceptible; and it was not  
until early December that he was able  
to sit up. And still he was silent re-  
specting himself.

Every day he was lifted into the only  
easy-chair the missionary possessed—a  
home-made affair, fashioned out of a  
barrel, with the aid of a few boards and  
nails from the famous New England  
dry-goods case, and skillfully padded  
with an old comforter; and in this  
"lap of luxury," as the invalid declared  
it to be, he was wheeled to the fire,  
still wrapped in the never-to-be-for-  
gotten blankets which came so oppor-  
tunately to his need.

It was seldom he spoke. Indeed,  
what could he say? For always when  
he tried to tell his gratitude, his emo-  
tion nearly choked him. Enough, that  
to all eternity he would remember the  
Christian love, the self-forgetful ten-  
derness, which had encompassed and  
enfolded him in that mountain home on  
the farthest verge of civilization.

It was a Sabbath morning. The little  
household, early awake, had long ago  
breakfasted. Devotions were over, the  
old children had rehearsed their Sun-  
day-school lessons, recited their Bible  
verses, and accompanied their father  
to the forenoon service. The baby sat  
in his high chair in the kitchen, watch-  
ing his mother prepare the stranger's  
meal, while the latter, left to his medita-  
tions in the adjoining room, found his  
thoughts straying away into a far past  
which he had seldom found the heart  
to recall. And yet it was a better past  
than that which had succeeded it, and  
as the memory grew upon him, there  
awoke within him a great longing for  
home—the home which had been his  
once, but of which he now no longer  
felt himself worthy. His eyes rested  
vacantly on the partition. Vacantly  
they wandered to Bessie Seaman's pre-  
tious motto, hanging there above the  
mantel. Vacantly they read the sweet  
promise her patient fingers had wrought  
out. And yet they lingered a little, and  
before they left it, took in a shadow of  
its meaning. Hope breathed upon his  
spirit now, as well as memory. Just  
then, he heard the missionary's wife  
singing softly to herself,—

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform."

His wandering glance had at last  
rested upon the letter-rack, which had  
been emptied the day before—emptied

of all but one letter, whose superscrip-  
tion, plain to see, waited to greet, per-  
haps by some blessed Providence, the  
sight of its as yet unguessed owner.  
Mechanically he read the address, and  
then realizing all at once that it bore  
his own name, he sprang from the easy-  
chair, seized it eagerly, and dropped, a  
dead weight, upon the floor.

In a moment his careful nurse was  
by his side. She lifted him and laid  
him upon the lounge, and then ran for  
water. This letter had fallen beside  
the unconscious man. Returning, she  
found it lying near him, address up-  
permost, and, like a flash, the riddle  
was solved.

With the reviving touch of the water,  
sense and perception speedily returned,  
and then, first, the stranger told his  
story.

The lady took down the motto and  
handed it to him.

"Read it," she said; "it means more  
to you realize. But do not open  
your letter till I tell you its history."

"On the very night you came to us, a  
wolf from the north, we had received a  
case of goods from unknown friends in  
the East. Among them was a package  
containing this motto, and an envelope  
enclosing two letters. One of these  
was for myself. The other was the one  
you took from the rack. Mine explains  
yours—for you tell me you are Mr.  
Seaman. Shall I get it and read it to  
you?"

She rose, and bringing in the baby  
from the kitchen, filled his tray with  
toys. Then she went into the little  
bedroom, and returned shortly with  
Bessie's letter. Taking a seat near  
him, she read as follows:—

DEAR FRIEND: It is a great disappoint-  
ment to me that I can send you only this  
trifle, instead of a gift of money or clothing.  
But I have not the means to do what I would  
like to; and I try to comfort myself with the  
thought that God knows the desire of my  
heart, and regards it just as though it were  
in my power to give it full expression. Will  
you, too, "take the will for the deed?"  
I want to say a little more about my poor  
offering, and how it came to be this in-  
stead of what it is not.

My dear father has been for many years a  
wanderer from home. He first went to the  
Black Hills, and then farther West. Some-  
times my mother and I have thought he must  
be dead, it is so long since we last heard  
from him. But to day I had a dream about  
him—so real, that when I awoke, a voice  
seemed to have told me he was still alive.

In the dream, he was in Colorado. You  
will think it very absurd, I fear, remember-  
ing that a large State Colorado is, that I  
should suppose you or any other person could  
help me to find him. But your husband was  
in my dream, or a reference to him, and so  
was the motto, and it seemed to be by means  
of the motto and the missionary that I dis-  
covered my father at last. I have no doubt  
it may appear to you more like a superstition  
than anything else, that I should have allowed  
so slight a circumstance to determine what  
I should send to you. What, then, will  
you say to the letter which I have dared to  
place in your care?

Please do not think me quite insane. I  
am praying and trusting God. I think I have  
faith in His promises; and you know that  
what seems impossible with us, is possible  
with Him. Perhaps I presume. But does  
He not see exactly where my father is? And  
can He not make my letter to him just as  
readily as if I gave it into the keeping of the  
post-office service? Will you kindly hold it  
till your husband or yourself hears from him,  
or he comes to get it? and oblige.

Yours very gratefully,  
BESSIE ALICE SEAMAN.

"I believe," continued the good  
woman, as she refolded the sheet, and  
returned it to the envelope, "there was  
nothing in the whole box of useful and  
beautiful things which pleased us so  
much as this motto and letter; and far  
from thinking the dear girl foolish or  
insane, we both felt that, after all, her  
dream and the impulse which sprang  
from it, might have been as truly an  
inspiration as any prophetic vision of an-  
cient times. Indeed, my husband has  
taken so practical a view of it, as to  
set on foot inquiries about Mr. Seaman  
among the miners and charcoal-  
burners, and has even asked the stage-  
driver to be on the alert for any news  
of a person answering to that name,  
little suspecting that all the while he  
was his own unknown guest. And now  
I am going to leave you to your  
self and your daughter's message; only  
don't try to walk again without assist-  
ance, or you may have another fainting  
fit. And may God make you very hap-  
py once more in the knowledge that  
they still love you at home!"

Oh, what a wealth of tenderness and  
longing Bessie had poured into that  
letter! It was almost more than the  
now penitent wanderer could bear.  
Again and again he laid it down, blinded  
by the fast-gathering tears. No word  
of reproach—not one; nothing but  
love. "Come home to us, dear father!"  
was all its burden; and "Oh, that I  
could only do it!" was the agonized  
response of his yearning heart. More  
than once he sobbed aloud, and he kissed  
the letter a score of times. Then, hold-  
ing it to his breast, he closed his eyes,  
and brokenly whispered a prayer of  
thanksgiving.

At length he fell asleep, and did not  
waken till the middle of the afternoon.  
Meantime the missionary himself had  
been made acquainted with the joyful  
news, and his wife had repeated the  
strange story of their guest's vicissit-  
udes. It was at Cheyenne that he had  
first assumed another name. Thence  
he had traveled to Salt Lake City and  
Douglas; back again to Laramie; and  
south to Georgetown and Fairplay. At  
the latter place he had quarreled with a  
miner respecting his claim, and stabbed  
him. Then, fearing the consequences  
if the wound proved fatal, he had fled,  
taking the stage road to Canon City;  
but, when twenty miles out, feeling ill  
and unable to make the entire distance,  
had struck westward, and finally reached  
the little village at the foot of this spur  
of the Rockies, exhausted, penniless,  
discouraged, starving, and caring noth-  
ing now whether he lived or died.



apples in deep  
h for nuts in a pan  
I should be afraid  
in that way.  
called "snap-drag-  
alter." It was a  
or forefathers, and  
memorate both the  
Ages, and the Drui-  
drifts. Possibly it  
back to the first  
tern nations, who  
ern through the fire

said Bessie, "of  
which I have after-  
ed to Easter, my  
le. I know Robin  
an and Fricarack  
y, and the "Hobby  
ort of pastebord  
man, the upper part  
of the horse's head,  
being concealed by  
Walter, what did

h, my dear. The  
which originated in  
still known as the  
supposed to have  
England in the reign  
part of the true  
man blackened and  
a Moor; indeed,  
performers were so

of misrule a "tray"  
asked the sopho-  
think so. He was  
conception, and no  
from the Saturna-  
ly some wild fellow  
with bells attached  
followed by a gang of  
undered from place to  
and doing mis-  
Puritans complained  
of this sort of dis-  
the church aisles in  
ce."

were English insti-  
not?" said Marga-  
spoken.  
onged to the days of  
and, were carried  
and often by their  
red for money with  
priests for saying  
their forgiveness for  
and other immoral-  
practices at Christ-  
mas. A prettier old En-  
the presentation of  
handlers to their cus-  
tomers to theirs of a  
nd of baby or image  
be the first develop-  
pse.

erman Christmas cus-  
," said Alice, who in  
years abroad was ap-  
on customs as superi-  
or. Christmas trees have  
in England since  
was married to Queen  
Victoria, when popu-  
lar, and very common in  
aw a slight modifica-  
tions tree in North  
and of the parents pre-  
for their children, and  
a few bought for their  
as hung and lighted in  
to form an arch of  
celling, the effect of  
ing."

resents seems to be  
of the German Christ-  
mas, "especially in North  
every one presents  
very one else; the same  
ing duty two or three  
from hand to hand.  
come to be connected  
Christmas?"

think it originated in  
of His Son to man-  
most likely a remnant  
of which is still perpetuated  
nivals."

have several ways of  
Christmas presents," said  
the places Kriss Kringle,  
ative of Christ kindle  
the stockings of  
with sweets and toys, and  
is a grave, stern per-  
thend in furs, brings a  
ty ones."

Uncle Walter, "it is only  
the benignant Kriss Krin-  
Nicholas are bleated  
Santa Claus, who  
this country with the  
ad New York and Penn-

German Christmas,"  
a town where the par-  
gifts to a certain old  
Knecht (or knight) Ru-  
were a long beard, and  
small clothes and shoe  
with a wiz and paint was  
no one knew him when  
he knocked at the  
house and presented his  
of Jesus Christ. No  
dred he also brought no

of rods reminds me of an-  
tion which some of you  
not like so well. On Christ-  
day takes her daughters,  
his sons, and recounts to  
young things they have  
the past year, giving re-  
is needed and counsel  
ed."

said one of the boys,  
think of an English  
out a great deal of eat-  
ing coming into my  
hins of roast beef,  
padding, and of course  
belong to that day."  
rong about the turkeys  
head with a lemon in  
the original grand  
derived directly from  
a mythology, the Druid  
and by all the chieftains  
alan with great pomp  
gious ceremonies. But  
the Reformation, boys

[Continued from page 6.]

had become scarce, and the time-honored dish was fraught with so many associations, both heathen and popish, that those of the new religion adopted turkeys, and for a long period the two dishes were looked upon as badges of the two religions. An old writer states, with an exclamation of wonder, that in 1773 seventeen hundred Christmas turkeys, weighing nine tons, two hundred-weight, were sent from Norwich to London in one day. The use of plum-puddings is first recorded in 1675, and they were preceded by plum-pottage, or beef broth thickened and flavored with fruit, sugar and spices.

"Did not our ancestors consider Christmas a religious day?" said Evelyn.

"Yes, both holy and festive. There were always religious services in the churches, both on the 'vigil' and on the day itself. And the singing of carols on Christmas Eve by bands of wandering minstrels, is the prettiest and most symbolic of all the Christmas customs."

"What does the word 'carol' mean?"

"It comes from the Latin. Do you remember the words, 'Tom?'

"Carole (to sing) and rola (an exclamation of joy), I believe. The college and English school-boys used to form into bands and march from house to house singing them, just as Luther did in Germany. Are there any of the earliest carols extant, sir?"

"We might call the song of the Bethlehem angels and the Gloria in Excelsis the earliest Christmas carols. Others were largely moulded upon them, though they gradually became less religious in their tone. The first printed collection was made by Wynkin de Worde in 1521."

"What were the 'waits,' Uncle Walter?"

"Originally watchmen who 'waited' to see that no depredations were committed by the multitudes who thronged the streets on Christmas Eve. They beguiled the long hours by singing, and when they were superseded by regular policemen, still continued their peculiar sweet chant in concealed places in the country-side or in towns."

"I think Christmas must have been awfully jolly in the good old times," said Edith, who affected to sneer.

"On the whole, I prefer it now," said her uncle. "Then the festivity and frolic seemed very enjoyable as contrasted with the hard lives of the majority of the people, many of whom never tasted meat, vegetables or pastry except at great festivals. Now, besides a general diffusion of comfort and luxury of which our ancestors never dreamed, books, pictures, lectures and amusements are within the reach of everybody, and if we will, we may keep up Christmas jollity all the year round."

"There is a little Christmas legend, still believed in as fact in some parts of England," said Bessie, "that I think very pretty. They say that at midnight on Christmas Eve all the horses in their stalls and all the cattle folded or stabled fall on their knees and adore the Prince who was born a little infant in the manger at Bethlehem."

What Uncle Walter might have said in answer to this, no one will ever know; for at that moment the folding-doors were thrown wide open, and no gayer sight could have graced the Roman Saturnalia, the Scandinavian mysteries, the Druid rites, or the English or German Christmas. Even the star of Bethlehem would to human eyes look pale by the side of the electric lights which flashed upon the quivering tin-foil and shimmering glass decorations of the great Christmas tree, whose glories may be safely left to the imaginations of our young folks, who are very familiar with such displays.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly. Then do the next thing, without letting any moment's drop between it. It is wonderful to see how many hours those people contrive to make in a day. It is as if they picked up the moments that the drawers lost.

## Obituaries.

Died, in Harvard, Sept. 28, CAROLINE SAWYER. Her maiden name was Caroline Sawyer, and she was born in Marlboro', Nov. 24, 1811. Sister Sawyer was twice married, first to Abner B. Smith, a man of precious memory. The fruit of this union was five children, one only of whom, Mrs. Abbie C. Sawyer, is now living. Brother S. departed this life in 1814, and after a widowed life of six years, Sister S. married Brother Luke Sawyer, of Harvard. This union was of remarkable harmony and sweet peace. In 1870, Brother S. passed to his reward. Since his death, his widow has lived with, and near, her son-in-law, Brother W. F. Sawyer, and daughter, they having left no stone unturned to make her autumnal hours comfortable, quiet and pleasant.

Sister S. joined the M. E. Church in her youth. Her home was always a welcome place for the early lamented Methodist minister. She could not do too much for the church of her early choice. Although deprived of its communion in her late years, she always had in her house Zion's Herald, and was well posted and greatly gloried in every fresh triumph of the church. Her life was domestic, and yet noble—a sunbeam in the house, loved more than text books. She is with Jesus, her risen Saviour. W. W. C.

Died, in Coult, Mass., Oct. 28, 1884, of phthisis fever, MARIA L. HAMILIN, wife of Mr. Charles Hamlin, aged 33 years. It is with feelings of sadness that we chronicle the death of Sister Hamlin, an exemplary Christian, who departed this life on the morning of the 28th. She was an extreme sufferer from that dread disease, typhoid fever, but when the hour arrived in which she must exchange worlds, she passed away calmly and peacefully, and has entered the haven of eternal rest. A loved husband, two children, a father, mother, two sisters, and a large circle of friends mourn her departure.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. A. H. Jones, in the Coult church. The pastor selected the 14th chapter of St. John as the theme for his remarks, and spoke consolingly to the bereaved.

The choir selected two appropriate hymns for the occasion. We have bid Sister away in the silent cemetery, but we shall meet with her again when the beautiful morn of the resurrection dawns, and enjoy her companionship forevermore.

OLIVE G. H. HOLWAY.

JOSEPH GUNNISON was born, July, 1802, and died in Kittery, Me., Oct. 27, 1884. Brother Gunnison was converted when about twenty-one years of age, and joined the Baptist Church at Kittery Point, of which he became a deacon, and was always called "Deacon Gunnison." When about thirty-five years of age he moved to this part of the town, and united with the First M. E. Church, and has continued a worthy member. He was a devoted Christian. He was always regular and prompt in his attendance upon the public service, and he never hesitated to acknowledge what God had done for him. His voice was constantly heard in prayer, testimony and exhortation. His death was caused by paralysis, and during his confinement he was unable to converse; but judging from the even tenor of his life, his constant, simple trust in Jesus, and his desire to be always at his post, we have no doubt that he passed away in the triumph of faith. He has fought a good fight, and has left his earthly tabernacle for his abiding residence in the paradise of God. He will be missed in the church as well as at home. May it be the happy privilege of those who are left behind to finish their course with joy, and when absent from the body be present with the Lord. A. HAMILTON.

KATE ELIZABETH WALKER, wife of Rudolph W. Walker, died at Manchester, N. H., of consumption, Oct. 15, 1884, aged 24 years and 2 months.

In the thoughtful years of her girlhood, in the fall of 1870, she came to Lawrence, Mass., to make her home with her uncle, Rev. C. U. Dunning. In a little time she went with the family to "Hedding camp-ground." She was not then a Christian, but the decided spiritual influence of the religious home into which she had entered, so gentle and yet so constraining, had already made a deep impression, so that when she came to attend the meetings on the ground, she yielded her heart at once to the Lord. In Grace Church house (Haverhill), under the labors of Rev. A. E. Drey, then pastor of that church, she was converted. She became a probationer, and in due time a faithful member of Garden Street Church, Lawrence. Married in 1879, her union was blessed with a beautiful girl now three years of age. Some three months since, the disease, so long dreaded and which had so often threatened its appearance, prostrated her. Then, in the long, weary, excruciating sick days which followed, the Christian's hope sustained, comforted, conquered. We have rarely heard the like, and the children of God, who so often ask, "Should I be sustained in that dread hour?" should know of it and be comforted. Space will only permit of occasional glimpses beside a sick couch, where we would be glad to tarry long. She was of a timid, sensitive, shrinking nature, but God made her a Christian heroine. All fear of death was taken away, and she talked of dying as a sweet journey of deliverance. Heaven became so sweetly real that she was constrained to depart and be with Christ, which she thought far better than all things else. The hardest struggle was to part with the little one, but God gave the sweet victory of eternal submission. She fell upon the Word of God; the 23d Psalm she appropriated as hers and called for frequent readings of the encouraging descriptions of heaven and the redeemed in the Book of Revelation. Her physical suffering was terrible to witness, and yet never a murmur. "Oh, I have such sweet peace," were words often upon her lips, while in great bodily agony. The morning of her death she prayed that she might go that day. She expressed no anxiety except that her loved ones should meet her in heaven. "Where are you going, mamma?" said her child, as the last moments drew near. "I am going a sweet blessed journey," said she, faintly but joyously.

In the presence of such dying glory, surely we will exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" The victory of faith in those sick and dying hours took our hearts with gratitude, inspiration and hope. C. PARKHURST.

Rev. ELIAS DODGE died at the residence of his son, in Carmel, Me., Oct. 26, 1884, aged nearly 75 years.

Brother Dodge was born in Strong, Franklin County, Me. He was converted in youth, and became a member of the M. E. Church, and for more than forty years was a preacher of the Gospel. His faithful Christian wife Lucinda passed over the river only a little while before him. She died April 15, 1883, aged 69 years. Their lives of faith and good works prompted many to say—

"Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land, So free from all sorrow and pain, With songs on their lips, and harps in their hands. To meet one another again."

For we know that it was their Heavenly Father's good pleasure to give them a blessed and ever-abiding reunion. S. T. P.

Mrs. SARAH G. COFFIN.—How very few of the Methodists of Maine, of the former generation, now remain! Of those who were in active life, who were pillars in the church in 1824, when the Maine Conference was set off from the New England Conference, but here and there one remains. Of the names which appeared on the Minutes of the Maine Conference then, only two remain—Aaron Sanderson and Jesse Stone. They were admitted on trial that year. Four years previous to that time, the subject of this sketch was united in marriage to Mr. Nathaniel Coffin, of Vienna, and was taken, by him, to his home in Vienna. That home ever since has been a delightful Christian home—a home ever open to the friendship and love of all Christian people, and especially a home for the weary itinerant, where no pains were spared to make him comfortable. Oh, how many, now in heaven, have been blessed and comforted at this home!

Mrs. Sarah G. Coffin, nee Sarah Greeley, was born in Mt. Vernon, in November, 1795. From her birth, until she became a young lady, she was trained under the influence of Calvinism in its unmodified form. At that time the Methodist preachers found their way to her home, and preached in her vicinity a free and full salvation. This was justly to be expected, for she was a devoted and fervent Christian, and by her power was saved. She at once separated herself from her former associates, and united herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. She continued a steadfast, earnest, active, benevolent member, until called to the church above. She was no ordinary Christian—not a nominal member, but always loving the church and active for its welfare. She was a faithful friend, and wise, reliable counselor. How many young ministers have been encouraged, instructed and comforted by her prayers and godly counsels! The writer in the years that she was was frequently cheered and comforted by this mother in Israel.

Some years since, her husband, Brother Nathaniel Coffin, after a number of years of extreme suffering, was called to his rest above. Since then Sister C. has been cared for and

comforted by her children, she still remaining at her old home. The youngest daughter, whose husband died, and the old homestead, cared well for her in her last days. She was the mother of seven children, all of whom, save one (a daughter in California), were present at her funeral. These all cherish, with love and reverence, the memory of one of the best of mothers.

The death of Sister Coffin was a fitting close of a life so active and useful in the cause of her Saviour. She died very suddenly, while sitting in her rocking chair, alone in her room. She had but a short time before left the family. Soon after, the granddaughter entered her room to call her to dinner, when she found her leaning back in her chair as if asleep; but the spirit had gone to its rest with Jesus. She left no dying testimony; but her Christian life was more valuable than any testimony. Her sun set as the morning star which goes not down behind the darkened west, but melts away into the light of heaven. Thus lived and died a mother in Israel, of a generation rapidly becoming extinct. D. B. RANDALL.

Rev. THEOPHILUS B. GUNNEY died in East Bridgewater, Mass., Sept. 24, 1884. He was born in South Paris, Maine, March 22, 1824, and so was a little more than 60 years old at his death.

Of his early life the writer has no information. He joined (what was then) Providence Conference in 1847. In 1850 he was ordained deacon by Bishop Morris at Providence, and in 1853 elder, by Bishop Baker, in New Bedford. March 25, 1849, he was married in Sandwich to Miss Rebecca R. Newcomb, by Rev. Robert Halford. For twenty years, from 1847, he was in the effective ranks in his Conference. In 1867 he was granted a supernumerary relation with work, which relation he sustained four years. In 1871 he was made effective and transferred to the Georgia Conference. Five years later he was re-transferred to his former Conference, where he did effective work until his late session, when, because of failing health, he was given a supernumerary relation.

Very soon after Conference he moved to East Bridgewater, where he bought a house in which he hoped to spend some years with his family. He preached several times in the five months preceding his death, the last three Sundays at Abington. The night after his last sermon he suffered a severe attack of his disease—rheumatism—but was taken home the next day. On Tuesday a physician was called, who thought he would be about again in a few days. Early Wednesday morning he remarked to his son that the pain seemed to have changed. The son asked whether it was more or less severe, to which he made an indefinite reply, and was gone.

The obsequies were held in the Methodist Episcopal Church. They were conducted by Rev. E. S. Fether, J. A. Root, and the writer. Among those present were a large number from Cohasset, where the deceased had recently served two years as pastor. The remains were buried in the cemetery near that village.

Brother Gunney leaves a widow, three sons, and one daughter, to whom he had ever been what a husband and father should be. Brother Gunney was not a brilliant preacher, but his sermons were well prepared, clear and thoughtful. He was a faithful pastor, who let tokens of progress in the charges he served. He was a true man, a faithful friend and brother, a devout Christian, and a fearless servant of his God. Those who knew him best loved and trusted him most. We doubt not his loving spirit restfully waits the coming of those who mourn their loss.

Mrs. RUONA F. PIPER died at Hanover, N. H., Nov. 4, 1884, aged 69 years. She was a native of Canada, N. H., and a sister of Rev. L. L. Easman, of the N. H. Conference. She was converted in early years under the labors of Rev. Haines Johnson. Having learned the tailor's trade, she worked at it in Canada, Concord, Lowell, Mass., Lebanon, and elsewhere, and with this gained a wide and unending acquaintance. In later years, returning to her old home in Canada, she kindly cared for her afflicted mother, French Elder, several years. In 1870 she was married to Benjamin Piper, of Hanover, taking her aged mother with her to her new home, who remained there till her death at 86 years of age. In 1878, Mr. Piper died, leaving a married son, Carroll G. Piper, at the home, where Sister Piper remained with the young people until her death.

Infirm for some years, she became quite feeble about two years ago. In addition to her weak lungs, a cancer made rapid inroads on her life, and while she saw death surely approaching, her faith was unshaken, no fear came, and her hope was strong. She often went to class-meetings a testimony for Christ that thrilled all who heard, and to be in her sick-room was a benediction. In her will she remembered the church of her choice, and love. She left \$200 to the church at Lebanon, of which she was a member, \$500 to the N. H. Conference, and the remainder to the Home Missionary Society of this Conference, to be used in the bounds of the Conference, and several hundred dollars to the Seminary at Tilton. K.

As a rule, all colored or highly perfumed soaps should be avoided as dangerous. They rely upon their appearance and odor (which disguises rank materials) for their sale. The whiteness of the Ivory Soap is natural to it, and is due to the excellence of the material used.

For we know that it was their Heavenly Father's good pleasure to give them a blessed and ever-abiding reunion. S. T. P.

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Mrs. Sarah G. Coffin, nee Sarah Greeley, was born in Mt. Vernon, in November, 1795. From her birth, until she became a young lady, she was trained under the influence of Calvinism in its unmodified form. At that time the Methodist preachers found their way to her home, and preached in her vicinity a free and full salvation. This was justly to be expected, for she was a devoted and fervent Christian, and by her power was saved. She at once separated herself from her former associates, and united herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. She continued a steadfast, earnest, active, benevolent member, until called to the church above. She was no ordinary Christian—not a nominal member, but always loving the church and active for its welfare. She was a faithful friend, and wise, reliable counselor. How many young ministers have been encouraged, instructed and comforted by her prayers and godly counsels! The writer in the years that she was was frequently cheered and comforted by this mother in Israel.

Some years since, her husband, Brother Nathaniel Coffin, after a number of years of extreme suffering, was called to his rest above. Since then Sister C. has been cared for and

comforted by her children, she still remaining at her old home. The youngest daughter, whose husband died, and the old homestead, cared well for her in her last days. She was the mother of seven children, all of whom, save one (a daughter in California), were present at her funeral. These all cherish, with love and reverence, the memory of one of the best of mothers.

The death of Sister Coffin was a fitting close of a life so active and useful in the cause of her Saviour. She died very suddenly, while sitting in her rocking chair, alone in her room. She had but a short time before left the family. Soon after, the granddaughter entered her room to call her to dinner, when she found her leaning back in her chair as if asleep; but the spirit had gone to its rest with Jesus. She left no dying testimony; but her Christian life was more valuable than any testimony. Her sun set as the morning star which goes not down behind the darkened west, but melts away into the light of heaven. Thus lived and died a mother in Israel, of a generation rapidly becoming extinct. D. B. RANDALL.

Rev. THEOPHILUS B. GUNNEY died in East Bridgewater, Mass., Sept. 24, 1884. He was born in South Paris, Maine, March 22, 1824, and so was a little more than 60 years old at his death.

Of his early life the writer has no information. He joined (what was then) Providence Conference in 1847. In 1850 he was ordained deacon by Bishop Morris at Providence, and in 1853 elder, by Bishop Baker, in New Bedford. March 25, 1849, he was married in Sandwich to Miss Rebecca R. Newcomb, by Rev. Robert Halford. For twenty years, from 1847, he was in the effective ranks in his Conference. In 1867 he was granted a supernumerary relation with work, which relation he sustained four years. In 1871 he was made effective and transferred to the Georgia Conference. Five years later he was re-transferred to his former Conference, where he did effective work until his late session, when, because of failing health, he was given a supernumerary relation.

Very soon after Conference he moved to East Bridgewater, where he bought a house in which he hoped to spend some years with his family. He preached several times in the five months preceding his death, the last three Sundays at Abington. The night after his last sermon he suffered a severe attack of his disease—rheumatism—but was taken home the next day. On Tuesday a physician was called, who thought he would be about again in a few days. Early Wednesday morning he remarked to his son that the pain seemed to have changed. The son asked whether it was more or less severe, to which he made an indefinite reply, and was gone.

## What Baking Powder Shall We Buy?

The presence of lime in the cheap, low grade baking powders is no longer questioned. Analysts have found it in large quantities in all the baking powders sold in this market, except the "Royal."

Some of the baking powders so prominently certified to the public as pure have been found by Profs. Chandler, Habirshaw, and other chemists, to contain nearly 12 per cent of this deleterious substance. This accounts for their lack of leavening power, and for the salt, bitter, and soapy taste frequently found in biscuits or cake where they are used.

But, aside from the great inferiority otherwise of baking powders so largely adulterated, it has been found that lime taken into the system in such quantities as this is injurious. It cannot be decomposed by heat, and is not dissolved in mixing or baking. The whole of this enormous amount, therefore, as found in these baking powders, passes with the food into the stomach. Its physiological effects upon the system are indigestion, dyspepsia, or worse evils.

Lime is a caustic so powerful that it is used by tanners to eat hair from hides of animals, and in dissecting-rooms to rot the flesh from the bones of dead subjects. The presence of this adulterant in these powders results from the use of impure, cheap cream of tartar.

## Royal Baking Powder Absolutely Pure.

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This highly important result has been attained only with great care, labor, and expense. In money alone a quarter of a million dollars has been invested in patents, machinery, and appliances by which the crude Cream of Tartar, being procured directly from the wine districts of Europe and subjected in this country to these exclusive processes, is rendered entirely free, not only from the objectionable Tartrate of Lime, but from other foreign substances.

This adds greatly to the cost of manufacturing Royal Baking Powder; but, as its ingredients are selected and prepared with the same precise care, and regardless of labor or expense, an article is produced that is entirely free from any extraneous substance, and chemically pure in all respects.

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"WM. McMURTRIE, E.M., Ph.D.,  
"Chemist in Chief, U. S. Dep't of Agriculture."

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